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Atom

AS A TEXTUAL analysis of the Baruch suggestion, there does not appear to be anything wrong with the quotations from *Pravda* given in the American press. There of course appears nothing right about *Pravda's* interpretation and imputation of motive.

The way we read the Baruch plan, too, America was proposing to stop making atom bombs and deliberately resign control of nuclear fission, "only when the United States government considers that the control organ operates 'effectively.'" We agree with *Pravda* also that the plan is "very entangled . . . each point raised questions and amazement, and is full of all sorts of complications." The problem dealt with is not exactly ordinary and simple. And the United States happens to be the only country which now actually has the weapon and the going manufacturing to make more. *Pravda* doesn't realize very deeply these two facts.

According to the plan, the time when the control commission would come into effective operation and when the U.S. would turn over its atomic force is to be determined by the rest of the world. The United States cannot form an international—or supernational—organ of control by itself: it defers to the other countries.

The Atomic Authority is not described even impressionistically in Mr. Baruch's address, although its constitution and character appear to be the most important thing. The whole business is an echo of abstract words unless the Authority has full and unchallengeable powers of inspection and unless it has immediate and unchallengeable police power within the field. "The matter of punishment," Mr. Baruch declares, "lies at the very heart of our present security system." We see no hint of the source of the Authority's power. What people, responsible to whom, will be the inspectors and the policemen (who would presumably be instantly ready to use atomic warfare for coercion)? If the source of the Authority's power is to be the Security Council of the U.N., then why do the Soviets worry about the veto power being removed from the interior of the Authority, which could be only an advisory body anyway, to ask action of the Council where the veto could stop everything. Indeed, the whole thing would be a farce.

The Baruch plan seems to envisage, rather, an international, or supernational, world Authority, not subject to the national states but, under its constitution, to the people of the world. Such a world authority involves, as was widely pointed out during pre-U.N. debates, a world union of peoples. This union of peoples does not now exist. An examination of the prerequisites of such a world union on the one hand, and of what they say about the state of nuclear physics on the other, encourages the confident, if very wry, bet that the practical development of atomic weapons by other nations will come much earlier than a union of the world's peoples.

Now if some other nation or nations threaten to work into a position to turn out atom bombs in useful quantity, the only way to stop an arms competition which would lead almost dead certainly to an all-out atomic war would be by preventive war—preventive war or else the feeble chance of avoiding international war while national governments still exist, armed with the most colossal weapons yet imagined, and separated by all the factors which prevent effective world authority. Upon consideration, the Baruch plan also bases the hope of preventing future two-or-many-sided atomic warfare ultimately upon the waging by the Authority of preventive war against any nation which dared undertake atomic development outside its absolute control.

The political choice before the United States and the other states of the world still do not appear basically affected by the newest science. The novel weapon adds no new kind of political element. Opposite the Soviet Union the choices now visible are: preventive war, capitulation, pacifism, or what? For individuals and perfectly free groups, pacifism is a likely path, and has

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social and civilizing and sanctifying potentialities which it is amazing are not more seriously studied by more persons living in apocalyptic days.

Few if any national societies and governments of this period are likely capable of developing a viable and morally justifiable deliberate policy of capitulation. Before Hitler numerous nations capitulated, with varying degrees of human and moral success — Denmark perhaps most deliberately and most successfully. But in all cases under the nazis capitulation led to a war struggle waged by different means and on a different level than great international war. But both these policies, that is, capitulation and struggle without national governmental warfare, warrant study and consideration.

Preventive warfare appears to be a conceivable policy only for governments with the terrible internal control and the absolute certainty of resolution of Hitler's and Stalin's (and presumably, for an international super-government). The United States appears to be the government least suited of all to wage preventive war. The intellectual, emotional and ideological indecisiveness and practical anarchy of our people, our conscious and subconscious over-confidence in our national power (We could win *any* war including whatever war a preventive war was supposed to prevent!), our moral tradition condemning deliberate preventive war (despite the persuasiveness and power of intelligent casuistry)—all these and numerous more factors in our private and public life make preventive war an academic subject in America today.

So in dealing with the atom bomb (or aircraft or tanks or anything else) we are dealing with the war problem, and by force of circumstances and by the way our people and government actually are, we are in no position to take a clear and logical and complete stand. The Baruch plan and the Russian counter-proposal (if it is really a serious proposal) will not change the situation. We have the empirical problem to build quickly a policy of meeting Russia and the rest of the world, not by streamline and all-satisfying doctrines, but by trying to assess many possibilities and taking elements from many policies and shaping them into a steady, flexible policy as resolute in its core as Hitler's was last decade and Stalin's promises to be this, but without pretending to emulate totalitarian political absolutism. The core of American policy must be to help prosper in the United States and elsewhere a better system of life than Russian communism and for that purpose to maintain an unbreakable defense against the aggressive tyranny of Stalinism. Obviously one doesn't want the aggressive opponent armed with atom bombs if that can be prevented. It should be equally understood that one doesn't want to use atom bombs to develop another system—which could hardly be much better than Russian communism if based on that sort of violence.

The very first effort must be one of domestic clearance: to obtain a cohesive defense and a prosclytizing clarity, energy and persuasiveness. In fact, we believe there is very little misunderstanding of the situation. The next to last misunderstanding will quickly be removed at Bikini. The last misunderstanding will vanish when sentimental unrealists and obfuscating fellow travelers stop pretending that what separates Russian Communism from the rest of the world is "misunderstanding."

European Peacemaking

THE FIRST few of the current Big Four sessions in Paris underlined the determination of Mr. Byrnes to register forward progress toward the conclusion of the peace treaties. Early reports likewise pointed to the continuation of Russian delaying tactics. Preliminary jockeying for position even presaged separate peace treaties if Russia and the Anglo-Americans continued to remain in deadlock. June 25 reports included the first persuasive indications that compromise would actually be reached on a number of disputed issues.

Of all the disputed treaty items none is more crucial than the German question, none has greater key importance. The Russian zone, about which reliable information is sparse, is said to be roughly self-sustaining, at least in fuel and foodstuffs, while the other three are not. The economic unity of all four zones agreed to at Potsdam is unhappily in fact prevented by zonal barriers. That is one of the main reasons why so much of the German economy remains in a state of complete collapse. In many industrial centers aerial destruction of unparalleled proportions has been followed by more than a year of actual economic stagnation, while millions of refugees from territories taken over by Poland and Russia and from the Sudetenland have impinged upon already desperate demands on German food and shelter. It is folly to expect the prolongation of chaos and unproductiveness to produce the denazification and guarantees against future aggression which the Allied occupation was supposed to effect.

The objective of a viable solution for the Germans as the starting point of Europe's re-establishment is further complicated by the insistence of France upon international control of the industrialized Ruhr and Rhineland. The French point to the additional "margin of safety" provided in the east by pushing back Germany's frontiers and logically demand a similar "margin of safety."

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But it is reported from Frankfort (am Main) that British and American zone representatives believe that a working agreement could be reached with the French if the latter were to have a dominant rôle in international control of the heavy industries of the Ruhr. As Foreign Minister Bidault himself expresses it in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*: "The problem is not how purposely to keep Germany in a state of misery, but on the contrary how to pull her out of it without in the process producing a new catastrophe for the world and for peace."

If such is the French objective, the possibility of reaching an agreement with Americans and British should not be impossible. Even if Russia remains obdurate Mr. Bevin's plan for a federated Germany can be carried out in the three western zones. Limited as this would be, it would constitute a first step toward the political and economic reconstruction which must comprise the basis for a peaceful Europe. There is everything to lose from further protracted delay and chaos.

Georges Bidault

IT WAS very simple when Georges Bidault had to make up his mind whether he would sit and wait until the Germans got out of France or whether he would do something to hurry them out of France. You had to have it one way or another because, as the French say, a door must be open or shut. Bidault entered the Resistance movement. And before the war it had been a relatively simple matter for Bidault—since he happened to be interested in the question—to decide that one thing that was interesting to do with Christian principles was to apply them in politics. He had a newspaper in which to write and few people paid great attention to what he wrote because, after all, most people had their habits in politics; they voted for the major political parties that could get things done, and it did not seem likely that Bidault's Christian Democrats would ever do much more than enrich the French Chamber of Deputies by still another vaguely interesting and eccentric minority. So that it was both simple and agreeable for Bidault to make plans for the governing of his country; there was little probability that they would ever be put to the test.

Now, as President of the French government, Foreign Minister, leader of the Popular Republican Movement, France's major political party, the position of Georges Bidault no longer is a simple one. In his new cabinet he has six socialists, seven communists, nine Popular Republicans. That does not make matters very simple—not any more simple than they were before, in the cabinet which preceded the elections, when there were nine socialists, six communists and six Popular Republicans. Government by three parties is not the easiest way to govern. In fact it presents such difficulties that neither the Communists nor the Socialists desired or sought to furnish the president or the premier who will have to keep France from falling to pieces until a new constitution can be prepared to be voted on in September and a new assembly can be elected in October. No one liked the idea of taking this responsibility; so they said let Georges do it. But first of all he must let us show that it is we who have the interests of the people at heart, specifically those of the wage earners and government employees, so the Communists said go ahead, take all the responsibility, make yourself unpopular, but write us a note for us to show to our friends promising a twenty-five percent wage increase because that will please them—and make everything just so much more difficult for you.

Bidault gave a promissory note for fifteen percent, remarked that the deficit was increasing at the rate of a billion francs a day, formed his cabinet, and went off to attend one more of those delightful and relaxing conversations with Mr. Bevin, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Byrnes.

It is when things are not simple that a man shows his courage. It is now, far more than when he was a leader in the Resistance movement, that Bidault is proving his patriotism. It is when the support that has brought his party to power is mixed that he must demonstrate that he remains a man of principle. French industrialists are backing him through fear of communism and through a desire to save their skins; he must prove his conviction that only positive and progressive action can save France.

Good Plea for Federal Aid

LEGISLATION to provide federal aid for education in poorer states has long been held back. Children in a number of our states are therefore still deprived of anything like adequate educational facilities, simply for lack of public funds. Fear of centralized federal control of American schools undoubtedly continues to account for most of the opposition. The latest bill on this subject, S 181, introduced into the Senate by Senators Taft, Hill and Thomas, seeks to obviate this strongly-held objection by disbursing the funds through state and local agencies in such a way that there can be no legitimate charge of "Federal interference or control of education by the Federal Government in the administration of the proposed aid."

The report of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor on S 181 includes a rather remarkable "Separate Statement of Views" by Senators Murray, Walsh, Aiken and Morse. It again insists that the bill "does not permit the

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Federal Government to intrude into the sacred precincts of the school curriculum or the selection of teachers." But the statement criticizes S 181 as not going far enough in "insuring a good education for all children." It refers specifically to provisions which would in effect bar the states from expending any of the contemplated funds in nonpublic schools. It cites as precedents for use of these funds in religious institutions, NYA student aid programs, specialized war training projects in the denominational colleges, sales at a discount of surplus war property, the tuition fees paid for GI's at sectarian colleges, the school lunch program and the like. It refers to federal aid to private hospitals and nursing schools. These four members of the committee hold as "groundless" the fear that federal aid to church-controlled schools "would bring about the union of church and state." Freedom of religion should not be limited "by imposing, in effect, certain penalties on those who faithfully carry out the practice and teachings of their religion . . . To the degree that the nonpublic school is directly or indirectly suppressed or discouraged in the attainment of its purpose, to that same degree does education become the potential tool of a totalitarian State."

A lot of people will still take convincing, but it would be difficult to conceive of a better statement of the case than the full text submitted by the four Senators.

William Franklin Sands

THE RECENT death of William Franklin Sands at the age of 72 leaves a gap among our contributors and among those whose advice has been serviceable to our government in time of need. It is never possible really to fill such a gap, since every man of genuine attainment has his own particular shape of mind never precisely reproduced by anyone else; Rousseau's boast that when he was born, the mold in which he was cast was broken is a boast that could properly be made by any human being who has grown to be an adult in the full sense of the word. Mr. Sands all his life was an individualist, obliged by some deep inner urge to work in his own way and after his own fashion; no one less "institutional" than he could readily be conceived. And this quite naturally made his career a career of far wider range than most men might even hope for. His diplomatic experience, in middle life combined with business, extended from the Far East through Latin America to England and Russia. Certainly diversity enough. In recent years he has been at the top of his bent, writing extensively, especially for THE COMMONWEAL, which he supported with generous time and effort from the date of its foundation. R.I.P.

American Social Prospect

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

THE DOLEFUL story of the country's plunge from apparently record prosperity to the worst depression in our history, in the decade following our last world war, has always seemed to me fairly easy to understand. Even now it is impossible to forget the fever of optimism which swept this country during the late twenties. Everybody seemed to have a friend in Florida, a connection with a bank or long established real estate outfit, or to have inside information on Wall Street. Unable to withstand that wild current, the American people—those in the money, at least—saw before them an uninterrupted prospect.

Our business leaders were hardly more far-sighted than the private shoe-string speculator. Not only were many of them involved personally in private speculative deals of their own, but they continued to build up their productive facilities on the assumption that their market would continue to increase. It is positively appalling how few of them grasped the fact that the foundations of American prosperity were then so shaky. When the Credit-Anstallt failed in Vienna and Wall Street had its blackest day, a crumbling of the structure set in which has repercussions even to this day.

Besides the contagious boom fever, there were other curtains between the public and the facts. Annual corporation statements showed profits at record levels for company after company. Buying on margin greatly inflated Wall Street. Instalment buying deferred a realization of the slackening of demand until the volume of goods finance companies and manufacturers' agents took over by default became a flood. The depression had many causes, domestic and international, but none of them looms quite so large as the lag of American wages behind increased worker productiveness and corporation profits. As Chester Bowles puts it in his challenging pamphlet which has just appeared*: "Throughout the twenties the output of each factory worker per hour of effort rose steadily. Between 1923 and 1929 output per man-hour in the manufacturing industries increased by approximately one-quarter. . . . Over the same six-year period the increase in the average hourly earnings was only 3½ percent! And what was true in manufacturing was equally true in related industries. . . . The cost of living over those years remained roughly the same. . . . While industrial production increased 25 percent,

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corporation profits before taxes in our manufacturing industries increased by 57 percent. . . ." So, we're told, it went along.

The next stage in our economic history also seems plainly marked. It was the era of priming the pump, WPA, the Wagner Act and scores of strenuous New Deal emergency efforts to speed the turning of the wheels. By 1937 we thought we finally had things moving, but as soon as government expenditures were slackened, we started to lose ground. More money and more government money had to be rushed in. As I see it, then, the New Deal resorted to all sorts of devices to balance purchasing power with productive capacity: limiting working hours, setting minimum wages, guaranteeing bank deposits, protecting the investor in securities, devaluing the dollar and many others. The only thing which was of major effectiveness was government spending on a scale hitherto unknown in peacetime. And in spite of everything there were by 1940 over 7,000,000 Americans still unemployed.

All this was chicken feed, of course, compared with the billions the government poured out during the war which followed. With millions of men going into the armed forces, unemployment dwindled, gave way to full employment and finally to over-employment. Not only did American armaments issue forth in such quantities as to astound the world, but we also achieved new levels in the production of many peacetime commodities. We had prosperity with a vengeance. All we now have to worry about is a national debt grown to $265,000,000,000 with annual carrying charges of $5,000,000,000. It is all very mysterious, but it does not seem to matter much what we do with our product—we can throw it all away, as with most war production. If someone will furnish the capital and all we produce is bought up, we have prosperity. The morning after, we do wake up with a tremendous debt, but in the light of our national production capacity, the carrying charges are not yet heavy enough to cause concern to a number of our current optimists.

What beats me is how we are now going to avoid mistakes similar to, or even more disastrous than, those which led to 1929. Our war prosperity was even longer lived in World War II. Accumulated savings and pent-up demand for automobiles, radios, refrigerators, homes are many times greater than they were in 1920. If we can hold off inflation until a plentiful supply of goods is at hand, we should for a period enjoy a boom of greater proportions than that of the twenties. That immediate prospect is an advantage; it affords an unparalleled opportunity—if we only knew how—to set our economy on solid foundations. Chester Bowles is one of those who thinks he knows.

One statistic indelibly engraved on his agile mind serves as an introduction to his whole program. It is that even in 1940 two-thirds of our American families were living on less than $1,675 per year. Those are the people he thinks of primarily, when he proposes a 50 percent increase in the American standard of living. While federal government funds will be called upon when there are serious recessions in consumer and business investment spending, it is by a sharp and sustained increase of nationwide consumer purchasing power that he expects his scheme to work. He even recognizes the likelihood that annual business investment expenditures will tend to decrease once the current transition period is over.

The crucial question on the Bowles program is its ability to increase and sustain national purchasing power at anywhere near the figure he proposes ($135,000,000,000 right off). There are the advantages of widely held wartime earnings and pent-up demand for goods which would serve as a good springboard. He "feels in his bones" that the American people will never allow themselves to fall prey to a new depression.

The Bowles eight-point program for postwar government economic activity closely parallels the New Deal of the thirties. Washington is to move in with funds for public works, cuts in taxes and even appropriations to consumers when threats of economic stalling are detected. A maximum of freedom in business competition is to be preserved and developed. Minimum wages are to be raised still further. Social security is to be extended to groups not thus far so protected. The tax structure is to be modernized, including incentive taxation. A national housing program is to be set up on a vast scale. Foreign economies and foreign trade are to be developed. Through crop insurance, commodity floors, social security and government spending in rural areas the farmer is to have his fair share. On the whole a most admirable series of objectives. But considering what the New Deal accomplished, is there sufficient reason to suppose that these eight points will produce the stability and progressive expansion envisaged for a two hundred billion dollar economy now and a four hundred billion dollar economy in the sixties?

Somehow or other we must get more purchasing power into the hands of hitherto low-income American families, and indeed the peoples of every land, to achieve a going and expanding domestic economy. Feasible means have not yet been proposed. Certain conditions were obviously better during the New Deal than immediately before it; they would be considerably better still under the scheme which Mr. Bowles so clearly and persuasively outlines. But I can't escape a feeling in my own bones that the key to the situation is still missing.

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Open Philosophy, Open Society

Saint Thomas's significance and importance to a very rich but very fragmented world

A. D. Sertillanges

WITHIN the Church the personality of Saint Thomas has always held a position which does the greatest honor to our Dominican Order and which has never been depreciated either in our own community or in the world of Christian education—despite certain temporary eclipses never avowed and never unredeemable. But when we consider the general reputation of this philosopher in the world of the intellect, in the world of secular education, it must be granted that after the times of Descartes and Kant—even well before their time—Thomistic thought, thanks to the influence of the Renaissance, was largely cast aside. Today this is no longer true, and greatly has this return to Thomistic thought rejoiced me.

Today Saint Thomas appeals to two types of mind: that which studies his work from a purely historical point of view, viewing it, even with full sympathy, as a crowning moment in the past, and that which discovers in it a present strength; minds which, when they contemplate this cataract of teaching, look therein for reflections of a rainbow, and minds which seek to put the waterfall's energy to good use, for the welfare of mankind. Very few of our contemporaries would refuse to admit the validity of the first attitude. The twentieth century has undertaken in the field of knowledge concerning the philosophic past the same task of resurrection as was undertaken during the nineteenth in the field of art. What a Chateaubriand, a Montalembert, an Ozanam, a Victor Hugo, or a Viollet-le-Duc did for the Cathedral and for everything which the Cathedral contained within itself, others are now doing for the various Summae and for the teachings which preceded, accompanied and followed them.

But it does not follow that such scholars cleave to or recommend the adherence of others to what they thus bring back into the light of day. These men are merely writing history. They pay tribute to a genius long since dead, and then they turn to other matters. Now obviously this is not the movement which we call the new Thomism. Certainly Leo XIII had no such thing in mind when he gave impetus to this great study by means of what was perhaps the most exalted undertaking of his occupancy of the See of Peter. The Church thought it a vain gesture to gather a bouquet of praise for one of her sons—however glorious a son—unless, as a saint, men desired to imitate him and, as teacher, men sought to become his pupils. Thomas Aquinas is at once a teacher and a saint, he is saint and doctor, and that is why he is set up for the imitation of the faithful and also for the meditation of thinkers.

And what is the reason for this? What is the meaning of this message addressed to our day? And what can we, who do not dwell in the thirteenth century but in the twentieth, harvest from him, aside from pious tradition and family lore? What can we hope to gain from our study?

★

Our times are awry, unquiet, overcast with clouds, however shot through they may be with brilliant but chaotic beams of light. Despite the seeming paradox, it could be said that our world is all the more enshadowed as those shadows spring from the very brilliance of light. Indeed we are today spiritually confronted with the phenomenon described by physicists as interference. Equally luminous waves, no longer coordinated, yield only darkness. All varieties of rich thinking, in the end impoverishing, make out of our ether a choppy sea. Says one German thinker, "We are in the midst of a pathological interregnum." Paul Valéry has called it "an infinitely rich nothingness." And before them both, Friedrich Nietzsche called it "a critique without joy and without strength."

Hundreds of similar judgments might easily be adduced. But we do not need them to give testimony that our philosophers, by and large, offer a stone or a scorpion to those who ask for bread. A few have reached a kind of triumphal despair. See, how great we are! We have measured everything; we have found everything too small, and nothing remains except the vastness of our pride. And yet we are not lacking in men. What we lack is not clever ideas, nor depth of thought, nor breadth of interest. What we lack is any order, any general scheme for the intelligence, starting with first principles and extending to the Ultimate Principle. We learn, as Saint Paul put it, ceaselessly we learn, yet never do we arrive at knowledge of the truth. A man says something wise, while at the same time saying other things which

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might lead you to believe that in order to be a philosopher you must leave aside all sense—and it might be thought, so little eager are our philosophers to come to any conclusion, that they themselves do not know when they have thought wisely. In short, we are tired of the "thinkers"; we are eager for a little truth.

The crisis in society through which we are passing—a crisis now mortally painful to everyone and not merely, as was true so short a while ago, to men of deep foresight—is at root a doctrinal crisis. Only secondarily, and very secondarily, whatever the experts may say, is it an economic crisis. We simply don't know where we are going. We don't know what we want. We are handed over to our instincts or to techniques serving those instincts. And why? Because we have lost all feeling for man, feeling for life, feeling for the universe as God has created it, and even feeling for God. And who will shed upon us the light now so cruelly absent?

Christianity claims to furnish this essential light. If man will let it shine upon him, this light will be all-sufficient, for it will bring with it everything else that is lacking. Faust, to obtain eternal youth, signed a pact with the Devil; modern man, as one of our scholars has put it, would gladly sign the same pact with God. But in order that this pact be even drawn up for signature, so that thereafter religion might play its proper part, religion must once more be clothed in intellectual garments. We must discover a philosophy. Here is why that philosophy among all others which the Church herself offers as the most closely related to her teachings and tendencies, as well as the man among all others whom the Church particularly describes in her liturgy as having spoken in her very midst, are surely most important sources of those things from which we may seek help. And surely they are far from being mere names and bits of archeology which the museum of thought honors with a respectable coat of dust.

Saint Thomas was a master of order, a schematizer of the mind, a man of wisdom. Within the flux of uncertainty, he was able to find a stable position, and he took his stand upon it at a height sufficient to make his wisdom profitable for times of greater breadth of knowledge. To all our differences, to all our exhausting conflicts, he has the power of bringing peace-giving truth; to all our resources of specific knowledge he supplies the strength of kinship under a sufficient synthesis and—what is of final importance to us—of a synthesis always open. In him you find no intransigence. He stubbornly clings only to those frameworks, to those general principles without which the mind lacks a stable base, and reality any point of reference.

When we speak of being Thomists, let it never be said, "you are trying to pull us back! You are trying to thrust us into the thirteenth century!" We do not want to pull anybody back; we only and simply beg them to keep to the highway. We have all of us wandered far from it; to come back to it is by no means to deny that we have made progress.

Today the novel thing is to begin fresh. But by no means do we ask men to repeat the past. Many do not understand that distinction. A man unfamiliar with thinking on a broad scale and equipped only with a pack-sack of formulas stuffed into his memory, is lost the minute a new vocabulary appears. In like manner, those who know nothing of a system except its external forms, as they might know a tree in silhouette against the sky, are shocked or grieved if someone scores the bark of their tree, prunes off its excess branches, counting on its sap and its roots to lend it a new shape. But one who, in spirit, lives the life of the tree would recognize it fully as well from its bare roots, from its living sap as from the particular shape of its limbs and its foliage. He would even recognize it better.

No, we do not ask for any retreat. Above all we do not ask anyone to overlook all those things which in the course of recent ages have been so richly and happily discovered. Such things must be our traveling companions; we must make them one with ourselves, but in a new spirit. And there is no truly new spirit, no spirit not fated to wither, and wither very promptly in this day of speed, except that spirit of eternity that rings out throughout the Gospel and that, we believe, in a human sense dwells in Thomist thought. For there is in Thomism a spirit of eternity, and it is this and this alone which we would recreate. We are not concerned with the dead circumstances which gave birth to Thomism in the thirteenth century, or with the dead problems that worried it, or with the dead methods and vocabulary it frequently employs.

What we want is glory today and tomorrow for Saint Thomas, a glory which burgeons and branches out; not a glory of words, but glory in life, in life and in a long posterity. To accomplish this we must knit the glory of Saint Thomas into the life of our day, into progressive science, into everything in the stream of modern philosophy that proves itself sound, and we must do all this in order to clear the way for the triumph of a living Thomism. By this I mean the synthesis of all our contemporary wealth of thought and knowledge into a new Summa, as Saint Thomas synthesized all the past of his time into his own.

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It may well be that there are Thomists inspired with other feelings, Thomists whom I should be quite willing to dub reiterative philosophers, without in the least meaning to wound them. And if

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independent thinkers shy away from such men, they have every right to do so. I would even say that they have the duty. A wise man becomes our enemy if he seeks to hedge us in with his own particular wisdom. What we need is wisdom, and wisdom imposes no limits upon itself. Did Saint Thomas ever limit himself? When he was confronted with some new datum, was he ever seen to bristle, to hunch his back and prepare himself for combat?

He fought when he had to, but he much preferred to understand, to drink in, to grow. To that silly loyalty which some men profess toward their own thinking, be it truly their own or something they have inherited, be it well wrought or illusory, he preferred a heroic disloyalty, consisting not in self-contradiction—at times he contradicted himself—but in outdoing himself. A living mind is incapable of being satisfied with contemplation of a system discovered or adopted once for all. Such satisfaction would be the symptom of weariness or exhaustion. A living mind is attracted only by living problems, which, to tell the truth, are insoluble problems, in the sense that their solution is never achieved without the hope of reaching an even deeper solution and never achieved except as a result of a more or less rigorous—sometimes even a radical—transformation of one's thought.

The vistas of philosophic truth are always open. A system is not something closed; the minute it becomes closed, it ceases to be interesting. And what is more, Saint Thomas never dreamed of an exclusive system, of a closed system; he always addressed himself to those who think, in order to assimilate to himself and organize into his own the just thoughts of those thinkers. And surely he well understood that once he was gone, men would treat him in the same fashion. He would have been horrified at any loyalty which clung slavishly to him and denied progress.

Hence let us not be deceived. In every cult there are the true worshippers and there are fanatics. There is a kind of praise which makes us all want to curse. But to curse for any such reason would indeed be foolish, for it would be in one's own turn to fall into the ditch I have been warning against. Truth, wisdom, an enlightened reverence, seeking after ever-growing and never completed enrichments of knowledge—that is the real way to be a Thomist, after the fashion of Saint Thomas himself and not of his sedulous apes.

★

I have remarked that what our times lack is not knowledge but a harmony in knowledge and the linking of knowledge to an organizing principle. All around us wisdom lies scattered, but its condition is not achieved wisdom, because it lacks order. The task of the wise man is to order: "Sapientis est ordinare." Now preeminently Saint Thomas was a wise man. The spirit of order, the spirit of organization, the spirit of synthesis were the most characteristic marks of his genius, and his works testify thereto to a degree which truly cannot be surpassed.

But this does not make his work into a complete science. I shall never weary of insisting upon this in order to ward off a misunderstanding in which I detect the very gravest of dangers. If, however, Thomism is not a complete science, complete science can buttress itself by means of Thomism, thanks to Thomism's nearly miraculous power of coordination and enhancement. If one of the popes was able to characterize Saint Thomas's work in detail by remarking that its every article is a miracle ("Quot articuli, tot miracula")—and of course we must not take this characterization literally—all the more is it true that his work as a whole is a prodigy.

Study his system, savor its traits, weigh its ruling ideas, then consider the order in which they are presented, the fruitfulness of what has since sprung from them, their breadth, or, to be more precise, the living capacity of each of his notions when it is confronted with fresh facts and notions which can nourish the original. You will then be astounded to see that no systematic whole can be compared to this one in its power of attraction for the whole of human knowledge. That no seed has a greater capacity to absorb and to channel the earth's juices and to make them flower. Thomism is so well chosen an intellectual position, a position so far removed from all the extremes where lie the abysses, so central with regard to the high points of knowledge, that you are logically drawn to it from all the particular realms of knowledge, and that, with it as center, you may spread out, without fear of deviation, in all directions indicated by thought or experience.

This is the first portion of a two-part article (the second instalment, which will appear in a later issue, deals succinctly and directly with the Thomist approach to the problems of knowledge, evolution and psychology) and reproduces in English the words of one of the leading living scholars upon a most important and auspicious occasion. Father de Sertillanges was selected on March 7 last, the Feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas, to address the friars of Saint James's Priory in Paris on the meaning and importance of Thomism in the contemporary world. The Prior of this community, the Very Reverend Father Desobry, had already left France to secure support, especially in the United States, for a great Dominican project, an international center of Christian culture to be housed in his community. The idea is not so much to establish an historical institute devoted to Thomism as to create surroundings for living work upon the solution of modern problems in thought and in life, seen from a point of view both Christian and spiritual, based upon the mind of the Gospels and the mind of Saint Thomas. Father Desobry has since formed an American committee to assist him in this task, and within a few months it will be actively promoted in this country.—THE EDITORS.

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Beau Soir

VINCENT SHEEAN

M. LÉON BLUM retains his fluency, his native grace, after experiences which would have blunted a coarser instrument. The delicate, precise phrasing is unchanged, and if there is a new element in the style of M. Blum's talk it comes from a sense of wonder at the possibilities in human existence—the property of youth rather than of age, and of fortunate youth at that. It seems that the sheer astonishment of being alive after an imprisonment of almost five years, two of them at Buchenwald, lights up the rise and fall of M. Blum's sentences nowadays, animates them with a sort of invincible optimism, gives them a glow of faith. As he says himself, when one has been through (at his age) such an incredible series of experiences and still lived to tell the tale, then, truly, there does not seem much reason to despair of any outcome, however threatened it may be from hour to hour.

At the French Embassy, withdrawn into the green shadows of a Washington spring (brooding, perhaps, over the footsteps that trod its steps in other years), one rings the bell with a certain diffidence. Why should M. Blum wish to gratify the curiosity, however sympathetic, of one whose interest is in fact neither political nor personal, but merely, so to speak, musical?—that is, merely the concern to resolve the chord, to connect and to complete what might otherwise be left suspended forever. Difficult, this, to explain to a man of such age, rank and style: how to put it comprehensibly but with deference? The fact is that each man's world demands these resolutions from time to time for the sake of its own internal coherency, but must always be seeking more acceptable explanations in order to approach the act, whatever it may be, which produces the chord resolved; to do it so as not to shock or bruise the prejudices of the so-called "sane" observer—an observer who may, awkwardly enough, be first, second or third party to the affair, that is, specifically in this case, contained within me, within M. Blum and within the footman on the stairs or any other witness to the strange encounter. This is why so many pretexts litter the floor of the real world, like corpses on a battlefield.

But with M. Blum there was, in this case, no need to explain anything. He did not know why I had come there (he might have been rather surprised to hear that it was to resolve a chord) and yet in some way he took it for granted; it was right and proper; he asked no questions. I tried to recall to him the last time we had talked, on a day in May just about six years before—let us say, for example, May 12, 1940— just after the German invasion of the Low Countries; but this did not work, too many things had happened since, it was too petty, he did not remember. He remembered the barges going down the Seine River, and the mist of the grey day rising into the hearts and minds of the people. That night he had left for the Labor conference at Bournemouth; he returned to France when the panic began and joined the retreat to Tours, to Bordeaux.

There were some things which seemed to me morally very important. I wanted particularly to know whether, in remaining in France all summer in 1940 as he did, he knew that he was courting imprisonment and death. He said that he did. I had, in London in 1940, been aware of certain suggested projects—they were hardly more—which would have released Blum (along with Herriot, Jeanneney and others) and transported them to England to aid the war of the Frenchmen beyond the seas. M. Blum said that no such suggestion had come to him during the summer of 1940. I cannot pretend to reproduce the gleaming texture of his sentences, and I doubt very much if they would give the same effect in English anyhow; but if I may paraphrase prosaically, what he said was something like this:

"If there had ever been any proposal made to take the whole government or its constitutional chiefs to London I should have gone with it. That is, if the presidents of the Senate and Chamber, along with the cabinet or the chief part of the cabinet, had taken the journey, I should have gone. But no such proposal was ever made. And for me alone, as an individual, to go overseas, did not seem logical or right. I felt that I could serve my turn, do what I had to do, be of use to France, by remaining in France."

In reply to the question—pushed home a little bit, because I was resolving a chord; and to me this was most important—whether or not he realized the risk he there ran, he answered that he did. I explored this a little further and asked when the idea of death, specifically of execution or assassination, first began to dwell in his mind; and he said that although the concept was vivid from the summer onward, and became more vivid after his arrest in September, it did not assume the live certainty then that it did when he was given over to the Germans. So long as he was in French hands there were always obscure movements of sympathy, mute signals of friendship or pity. Some of his jailers did what they did with a will, some *à contre-coeur*. And then, for example, there were other things, other possibilities: I asked if he had ever received the telegrams we—a number of Americans—sent him on his sixty-ninth and seventieth birthdays, while he was a prisoner of Vichy; and he said that the

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American Embassy at Vichy had indeed found means of passing on these messages, which were a great joy. "C'était un moment de joie très grande et d'une espérance raffermie."

But then the Germans took possession of him; and on March 29, 1943, when he arrived at his new prison, and discovered that it was no less than Buchenwald, Buchenwald itself, the hope of personal survival was extinguished, although he felt quite certain of the outcome of the war. In his own view—and just here some spark was kindled; he began to talk with the Flaubert-Anatole France elegance which has always been at his command—there was no possibility of escape, whatever happened; German victory or defeat would mean the same. "As the satrap immolates his wives, slaves, friends and enemies in one final holocaust to accompany him on his journey to the eternal realm. . . ."

Thus, day in and day out for exactly two years (two years to the day they were at Buchenwald) Blum and his wife expected death. It was an absolute certainty in their minds and they were prepared for it in any form at any moment. It was on March 29, 1945, that the German jailers whisked him out of Buchenwald and off on a series of quick moves to escape the Americans, and on this journey (which Blum calls "ma dernière pérégrination") the mystery of why he was not put to death is indeed complete. The Americans caught up with the party in the Tyrol on April 3, 1945, as all know, and the whole passage of life and time has taken its place now in that tenebrous cavern, half nightmare and half cinema, where dwell the unbelievable things that one has survived without knowing how or why. At a given moment during the dream Mandel was taken away—Georges Mandel, a lifelong political enemy of Blum's, a fellow-prisoner at the last; and after a time it was known that Mandel had been murdered in the forest of Fontainebleau by Vichy militiamen, who took him by force (in a manner of speaking) from the helpless German guards at the Santé Prison in Paris.

A fine shadow crossed Blum's face as he spoke of Mandel. One did not need to be told that during the long months in Buchenwald he had come to know and value that remarkable man, a "conservative," yes—perhaps at one time a reactionary—but the most implacable of patriots. As it happened, Blum and Mandel were transferred to Buchenwald at the same time, but not together. Blum and his wife traveled by air and could take scarcely anything with them; Mandel was moved by train and was able to carry some luggage. In this luggage he had a very large part of the Éditions de la Pléiade, the admirable series of classical reprints which was the pride of the Nouvelle Revue Française before the war. There were, notably, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Pascal, Goethe and Cervantes among the august ghosts that took their place, too, in Buchenwald. Mandel also had an edition of the French Bible, which Blum—who had been bereft of books—read, as he read all the others. One of his special efforts at Buchenwald was to restore a little of his classical scholarship (which must once have been good, judging by his French). He worked at this with assiduity, but confessed that the results so far have not been brilliant. He is, however, only in his seventy-fifth year, and we may hope that he will not give up so easily.

★

For truly, we think as we go away into the warmed bowl of afternoon sunshine, the still, hot gold and green of Washington, this old man is very young; this civilian is passing brave; this Jew is most French. How he sets the mind upon a contemplation of the Third Republic and its fate! To think back only a handful of years (twenty-five, say), we see Mandel (for instance) in the supreme circles, the world of Clemenceau, at the central position in Europe, deciding by a mere effort of the will—and no sordid considerations of ways, means or possibilities—what shall be done with the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with the Balkans, with Turkey, with the Baltic; and at this moment Léon Blum is the sharp, bright instrument of a critical minority representing, or claiming to represent, the working class and the intellectuals sympathetic to it. Who could forget the deft and murderous elegance of Blum's language in the *Populaire* in the old days—say, in the 1920's? It was known to all Paris that if you wanted to read good French in a newspaper (strange desire!) you would find it only at the extreme Right and the almost-extreme Left: that is, with Maurras in the *Action Française* and with Blum in the *Populaire*. It was in another period altogether that Blum found himself trapped by power, a prisoner of the Popular Front, making in his turn a good many of the mistakes of his predecessors and one in addition which will do him no service in the judgment of history: I refer, of course, to the policy of non-intervention in Spain. But, then, was this graceful and sensitive spirit ever suited to the turmoil of practical politics? How, by what mysterious interweaving of malicious circumstances, was his generous impulse to be of service thus harnessed to a party and a lifelong career which must often—very often indeed—have been distasteful to him? In all probability the Socialist Party of France, left gasping and helpless and bewildered after the death of Jaurès, was only too happy to entrust itself to an upper-class intellectual who had read all the books and would never be at a disadvantage in debate. Those were the days, now happily

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departed, when working-class parties thought they could not get along without leisured-class leaders. M. Léon Blum with his comfortable fortune, his good looks and his great gifts for expression—and with a record of humanitarianism in public affairs which is the counterpart of dilettantism in art—thus seemed suited for the mantle of Jaurès.

Ah, well, mantles are a little old-fashioned nowadays, but it can be said of M. Blum, we reflect as we walk along the Kalorama Road, that he has never turned his. And such as it is, he has worn it with an air. Life did not give him that gift which Lenin prized so highly, "honorable socialist poverty," and he was never at any moment obscure; but he has, in compensation, a powerful gift of sympathy and a most formidable courage when his mind (alas! so cultured!) is made up. The first time I ever saw M. Blum was in 1923 when he received in his house in Montparnasse a delegation of British Labor Party leaders to discuss the evacuation of the Ruhr. At this time to take open position against Poincaré's policy was dangerous in the extreme; it was almost like staying in France in 1940 when you knew that as a socialist and as a Jew your neck was poised above the guillotine. Through all these years the difficulty has not been courage; it has been decision. How rare it is, we grumble, that all the qualities needed for creative leadership come together! Such a one is ruined by egotism, such another by cowardice; this one has no gift for expression and the other has too much; we gaze and gaze and cannot pick among them. The difficulty is made much greater by the hopeless disparity, the endless war, between reality and appearance. There is M. Blum, for example, a great socialist leader, an intellectual so-called, a prime minister, one of the great notables of the century, a trifle too gentle for this cut-throat existence, you might say, and a little indecisive, too, and lost a bit in party politics, but . . . Who would think, to look at him, that he is in reality the simplest, the humblest and—I plainly think—the bravest of Frenchmen? Let the evening sun lie soft upon this broad river on its way to the sea.

The Stage & Screen

Icetime

THE CURRENT ice show, simply titled this time, seems to me the smartest and sprucest I have seen; excellent summer stuff. The usual formula of large production numbers, interspersed with star turns, works out into a fast gay show with the emphasis naturally falling on action, and even more important, almost all of the action exactly suited to skates. I was particularly struck with Lou Eisele's and Billy Livingston's costumes which displayed none of the alarming discrepancies customary in the business—diaphanous chiffon combined with boots, for instance—but were colorful and neat, with a number of new arrangements in regard to the skates themselves which were extremely attractive. The men always come off better than the girls in an affair of this kind, but here, even in the period pieces, the girls seemed to be allowed to admit to legs *and* feet, without which, of course, nothing can logically ensue. I detected perhaps an overbalance of Grieg in Paul Van Loan's musical arrangements, but again, this end of the thing seemed fortunately handled: there was far less vocalizing from the boxes and amplification was kept to a minimum. For people, Joan Hyldoft, a very pretty expert, takes the ballerina rôle with grace; Jack Reese performs breathtaking acrobatics, and "The Bruises" are funny. Best of all, naturally, there is Freddie Trenkler again, and indeed far too little of him. I think he is surely one of the greatest of the practicing clowns, and no one, particularly the children, should be allowed to miss him. In fact, as perhaps everyone knows, this is one of the best of Broadway's schemes for the kids. (*At the Center Theater.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Woman (and Hollywood) Triumphant

ONE OF those rare Hollywood surprises is the picture that has been made from *"Anna and the King of Siam."* Too often film makers have glamorized a perfectly good book beyond recognition; and Margaret Landon's biography of the English governess who went to Siam in the 1860's presented opportunities for dancing girls and glitter *ad nauseam*. But no! Producer Louis D. Lighton has handled his movie with thoughtfulness and good taste. Some of the sets and costumes are done with grandeur and magnificence fitting to the royal palace, while others are displayed with simplicity appropriate to the time and place. Scriptwriters Talbot Jennings and Sally Benton omitted much from the original; they made changes but preserved the tone of a book that is not ordinary film material. John Cromwell's direction, though slow at times and depending much on the spoken word develops characterization exceedingly well.

Of course any picture with a heroine as beautiful as Irene Dunne is bound to have a certain amount of glamor. Just to look at Miss Dunne in these Victorian costumes is a feast for the eyes. And she plays the rôle with keen understanding of Anna Owens's problems—problems that grew beyond expectation in a strange country that was still half-barbaric, where women "simply do not exist," and where a despot, who though he was an enlightened modern, said: "I am the law." Another of the film's achievements, and by no means the least, is Rex Harrison's portrayal of the King—a rôle that could have been hammed or burlesqued into triteness. Instead Harrison's subtle performance makes King Mongkut a living person, a composite of contradictions, who wants progress but stubbornly refuses to progress. He even goes so far as to burn alive one of his wives before Anna's window to punish Anna for interfering in the woman's behalf.

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Also good is the film's supporting cast, particularly Lee J. Cobb as the prime minister who adores the King and impresses Anna that this country was here a thousand years before she came with her efficiency; and Gale Sondergaard as one of the King's many wives and the mother of the crown prince. It is she who persuades Anna to stay when the governess is about to give up as a failure. Her argument is strong and must frequently cheer educators who see no improvement in their own generation but can look hopefully to the next. Anna came really to teach the King's children; not all 67 of the youngsters, but many of his wives also appear in the classroom. Anna does stay and eventually sees the educated crown prince become the ruler. The film's best scenes, done with charm and moving appeal, are between Anna and King Mongkut. She manages to teach him a thing or two: even about such subjects as home and honor. And before this interesting tale has run its course, the King admits that he has gratitude, confidence and respect for Anna. He adds she "has been a very difficult woman."

This is the season of the year when hammock fiction comes into its own. So perhaps we have to expect some hammock movies too. Here are three new comedies that reward with a few laughs if you have the strength to raise your head from a languid position.

"She Wrote the Book" gives the razzberry to the present vogue for sexy novels and their authors. A prudish teacher of higher mathematics (Joan Davis) comes to New York, gets bopped on the head, thinks she is the author of the much-banned "Always Lulu." The first half of the movie has some swell satire, not only on books like "Forever You-know-who," but on their publishers. Jack Oakie, as the publicity agent, admits that Joan isn't much, so he works overtime to make her over for the press. Unfortunately the satire gets out of hand and sinks to low burlesque. Much of the picture's bite is lost in clumsy attempts to be risqué.

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up" continues the escapades of Cornelia Otis Skinner (Gail Russell) and Emily Kimbrough (Diana Lynn) which started when the girls' hearts were young and gay. This time, though still young and gay, these attractive women get all mixed up with bootleggers (Brian Donlevy, William Demarest) and other perils of the prohibition period; and the results are even funnier than the first film which was too slapstick for my taste. Anyone familiar with the eccentricities of the 1920's will most likely enjoy this amusing take-off of our silly selves when we drank bath-tub gin with a shudder and said, "Good, isn't it?"

"Lover Come Back" shows Lucille Ball doing a lot of foolish things while chasing and trying to hold her husband. George Brent fails to make clear just what this husband's charms are—but most of the women in the cast, including Vera Zorina, seem to be sold on them, so I suppose they do exist. This farce has a great deal to do with the double standard; but gets so tiresome and verbose while cooking the sauce for the gander that one hardly cares for the main dish. Of course no picture with Lucille Ball is a total loss; but even Lucille requires a vehicle.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

A New Mark in Corot

JEROME MELLQUIST

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM of Art has started up some new arguments in an old debate about Jean Baptiste Camille Corot in its recent show on that major French painter. Apparently believing that too many American collectors associate Corot with misty ponds and cottony trees, the museum authorities devoted three large galleries, an adjoining corridor and the entire Print Department to showing that the equable Frenchman was more the figure-painter than the landscapist. This is not to say that all the 78 paintings and the 81 assorted drawings, prints and lithographs consist merely of figure-pieces, but works of this character did get the favored spots and enjoyed the best emphasis in the show.

All the more impressive, then, that Corot does not emerge as the specialist in dusky mandolinists or reclining nudes, but as an artist of the serenest amplitude. Even on his first Italian journey, after he had persuaded his parents to let him become a painter, his best Roman canvases show that he was wedded to the light and to the exquisite matching of tone to tone. Here, as a matter of fact, he was presenting neither figure nor landscape, but sun-spotted villas and the very cupola of St. Peter's. That same year, to be sure (1826), he painted an Italian monk and an old man, one like an excerpt and the other like a weary character from a Shakespearean play. But it is the play of the sun and the weaving of tones through the folds that count—just as in the architectural pieces.

Returning to his own French countryside, Corot did not become more restricted because of a colder light. On the contrary, strolling about his own grounds at Ville d'Avray, he did a shadowed road with balmy skies and caught some old chalky feeling in a wall. Sometimes, it is true, he tended to slip off into the conventional, as if recalling Claude, or again, in certain portraits, painting like a disciple of Ingres. But this was the lesser Corot, the man who sporadically throughout his life, as a studio-painter, sometimes failed to catch the edge of immediacy. Yet he was looking through layer after layer of softness in the downhill view of Rouen, and even his seaports and river-vistas had that pour of pigment and weave of light that he could confer at his best.

It might, indeed, be said that there were a public and a private Corot—the one getting Salon recognition for his historical landscape "Hagar," eventually winning the Legion of Honor and stunning many a purchaser by the more automatic of the landscapes—while the other was swept away by some twist of road down a hill with summer skies above, by a deliciously grey-coated stand of windmill against a sky, or by a peasant praying in the fields. And certainly this private, this reticent Corot was the creator of the figure-pieces often so notable in the present show. Yet a brief look will suffice to tell that in the "Orientale Réveuse," of 1865-70, it is the matching of the butter-yellow with the jewel-red and the mingling of the greys between that produce the real magic. It was

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the tremor of Corot in the tones that made him great. And if he reached a chef d'oeuvre in the celebrated "Interrupted Reading," it is again, if one examines attentively, the matching of ochre with olive and low, diminished reds—and the almost sculptural embodiment of the figure—that accounts for his force. Yet the same characteristics were present in the landscapes—that is, in those not manufactured as a public commodity. Corot needed a direct impulse from nature and then he painted divinely. This much, if not the sole supremacy of the figure-pieces, the museum has demonstrated in a splendid show. Certainly it set a new American mark for the appreciation of that artist who stands unique among all others for his pensiveness.

The Labor Movement

Bowles Has an Idea

DON'T LOOK now, and on no account look tomorrow, but today, right at this moment, there is no major strike either in progress or in prospect. Immediate prospect, that is. That's a record, son.

Of course there are two rather serious minor strikes stopping the production of farm equipment at Allis-Chalmers and J. I. Case Companies. And there is the danger that the AFL seamen might make trouble trying to do better than the CIO seamen, who did very well indeed. And Harry Bridges is wanting more money for his longshoremen on September 30. And Walter Reuther says the auto workers will want more money if Congress scuttles OPA and allows prices to rise any further. And 20,000 Briggs auto workers might go out anyway, thereby crippling Chrysler.

But still, right now, for a few days at least there is a measure of peace. At this point Chester Bowles, that bruised and battered man, comes up with an idea that seems like a very good idea. Not that he has actually introduced it to the light of day. The reports are rather that he is still working underground, burrowing around and seeing people, trying to line up some support. Specifically, he has seen Truman, Green of the AFL and Murray of the CIO.

The idea seems to be that labor should renew its no-strike pledge for about a year, or maybe less, in return for a strong OPA and the withdrawal of Truman's emergency strike law.

Bowles's main argument is that the key to the situation is productivity. He says that if we can get our economy "hitting on all six" for about a year, then the flood of goods will take the heat off prices and there will be a possible margin for further wage demands. This appears to be sound doctrine. It is the same argument used by the NAM to smash price control, in which case of course it is a good weapon used for a very smelly purpose.

In effect what Bowles is suggesting is that American Labor should shift its sights, turn its big guns away from industry and wages, and train them instead on Washington, prices and anti-strike legislation.

Bowles's strongest argument, however, is simply to point with one bare finger at the alternatives and assume an expression of horror. First, if OPA goes under or survives only in emasculated form, then the 18½-cent raises will be flushed right down the drain. Second, if labor goes on another round of strikes, production will be further paralyzed, prices will go up again and the inflationary spiral will be off and away with a *whoosh*.

Finally, there is a world beyond our borders that is dying for lack of our food and machines. If America is going to save it from death and despair, and if America is going to prove that free men can do a better job than the slave men of communism, then America has got to get on the ball and start producing as it hasn't yet produced since the end of the war.

This last is not perhaps an argument that will appeal to types like Bridges, Quill, Pressman, Len De Caux and others. Nor will it appeal to types like Lewis who believe in America-first-and-especially-me. It should appeal to American Christians, however. It should appeal to American liberals. It is worth a try if anything was ever worth a try in this sad old world.

Murphy at the Bat

THEY are trying to organize baseball again. Not exactly "they." *He* is trying. He is Robert Murphy, a graduate of Harvard, that remarkable institution that has already produced so many eccentric and unpredictable characters.

Murphy has the Harvard touch all right. He calls his union the American Baseball Guild and himself its "labor relations director." So far there has been no mention of a headquarters or of any other paid or unpaid official. And yet the publicity has been terrific. And the Pittsburgh Pirates recently came within four votes of pulling the first strike in the history of the major leagues.

Organizing baseball is a union publicity man's dream. The reason is simple—it puts trade unionism on the sports page. It puts labor right in the middle of that wonderful world where the average man spends 90 percent of his reading life.

In spite of these advantages, and the obvious exploitation of most ballplayers by their employers, Murphy's record so far is no runs, no hits and several errors. At Pittsburgh, for example, he made the terrible mistake of letting the players hold their strike-vote meeting in the club dressing room. As a result the Pirate management succeeded in keeping him out of this crucial gathering, unable even to speak to his members. In spite of this a majority voted to strike, 20 to 16, but since it had been agreed that two-thirds would be necessary, the team proceeded to go out on the field and dismember the Giants, an operation that has become altogether too common of late.

But Murphy isn't out yet. The NLRB says baseball is not interstate commerce, so they refuse to order an election. And now we're waiting to see if the Pennsylvania labor board will pass the buck back by insisting that baseball *is* interstate commerce. Let's hope that Brother Murphy goes down swinging, if nothing else. The club owners, like all openshoppers since the Israelites first made bricks in Egypt, have been howling that "a union will ruin baseball." Just like it ruined business, ruined the theater, ruined music, ruined radio. Or did it ruin radio? No, radio was ruined by soap.

Fair Harvard is watching you, Brother Murphy. Of your fellow alumni a quarter are doubtless furious, a quarter delighted and the rest, as ever, indifferent. But they are watching you none the less. You must not fail.

JOHN C. CORT.

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Books of the Week

For One Sweet Grape. Kate O'Brien. Doubleday. $2.75.

KATE O'BRIEN'S new novel, "For One Sweet Grape," is "an invention arising from reflection on the curious external story of Ana de Mendoza and Philip II of Spain." I do not know whether the author is right in saying that it is not an "historical novel"; I do know that it is immeasurably above the tasteless sort of commodity usually associated with that *genre.*

Where the cheap brand of historical novel proceeds by pseudo-romantic extension *away* from the fact, Kate O'Brien proceeds into the fact and makes a fiction inside it. The difference in the demands made upon the story-teller's craft is very important. The one kind simply states, explicitly or otherwise, the historical fact which is its point of departure; and from then on the novelist has everything his way. Perhaps the existence of a major historical personality is perfunctorily acknowledged, but the principals are completely fictitious minor personalities —a slave girl, a harlot, a lady-in-waiting, a reckless hero who looks like and threatens to be somebody in the films. The story thus has the advantage of freedom from any real historical framework and at the same time enough of the fogginess of history in its atmosphere of rented costumes and hired-mob pageantry to excuse any failure of the characters to resemble the more ordinary forms of human life.

The kind of fiction, however, of which Miss O'Brien's novel is an example asks for much more from its artist. History is not a point of departure but something for which the novelist must imagine a point a departure. It is an irregular boundary drawn through several given points, and the delicate game of the novelist is to calculate within it an interesting symmetry of lines to meet it in surprising felicities. The pattern is made within that which resists pattern. The plausible story is told within the implausible history.

Kate O'Brien's artistry in this method is precise. She weaves and interweaves the inward lines of Spanish intrigue, sexual passion, conscience, and (without its barbarisms) psychopathology as the design within Philip's strange treatment of Ana de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli. Out of Ana's cool decision to take Antonio Perez, Philip's Secretary of State, as her lover, evolves plotting as rich as the sixteenth century background and delineated in hard color down to the nice details of statecraft and aristocratic family politics. Within those lines is even finer tracery—the involvement of Ana's Christian conscience and its slow, complicated way out. The excitement of the novel is thus in every new page, in the descending more and more deeply into the maze and, later, in the tortuous ascent, which must be Ana's own. On the last page of the novel, Ana permits herself to speak of the work of Providence; but the novel is not about Providence, it is about devious things in their deviousness.

Meanwhile the one sweet grape (the title is from "The Rape of Lucrece": "For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?") yields that rare quality in contemporary fiction, argument. The dispassionate examination of the grape extends through subtle relevancies to the vine, the country, and the whole spiritual soil of the country. Whether moving through bursts of action and passion, winding through dialogues, or playing within highly stylized courtesies, it is an argument kept disciplined by wit and form. It reaches finally the central question of the story, whether Ana can coordinate the "timing" of her repentance with the satisfaction of certain demands of human and political loyalties—a question which goes as far as we can think about history, because it is the problem of the relation of time to eternity; but Miss O'Brien's posing of it is in a humor of modesty (Ana's dialogue with Cardinal Quiroga is a wonderful little play of manners and wit), and her manipulation of it is as athletic as her management of the lesser elements in the story. And the entire argument seems to me suffused with a delicate irony: it makes its great movements through "action" at the critical moments rather than through speech, in unpredictable leaps far ahead of the elaborate intrigues of the speakers and beyond all planning.

The quality, then, of rich argument. And for a second virtue, equally welcome in our time, an extraordinary touch for the comic. It is the comic in its full human dimensions rather than in the isolated speech or incident. I think, for instance, of the author's treatment of Philip, who would have been exploited by a lesser writer as a fool or as a dangerous egotist or as a sentimental masochist. Miss O'Brien has not availed herself of these simplifications; she has taken him whole; her feeling is in the great tradition of comedy, which is at the same time human and strict, too dynamic to be clinical and too serious to be sentimental. This touch is deft also in Ana's liaison with Antonio: in the incongruities between the aristocrat of Castile and the energetic *parvenu;* in the ironic logic with which Ana confounds all the human objections to their love; and in the mockery provided by such conventions as the Rabelaisian nurse and even a discovery scene ("she and her lover at bay in the wide, illumined bed . . . taken ludicrously in sin," an experience which Ana describes as a "bedroom farce," a "cartoon," and at the same time as "like a vision of judgment, or like seeing yourself in hell"). The figure of Ana herself is a masterpiece of the delicately grotesque:

> Her beauty, for those who found her beautiful, was, paradoxically, of exaggeration and restraint. She was taller and thinner than is averagely considered seductive in a woman: her bones were narrow, and every feature, nose, chin, hand and foot, was a little longer than it should be. Her skin was thinly white, with blue veins showing on her temples and her hands. Her left eye was full of light, but over the socket of the right one she wore, as has been said, a black silk eyeshade, cut in diamond shape. She had worn this since she was fourteen. At that age she fought a duel with a page in her father's house, and lost her right eye.

She moves through a story which is, in its large lines as well as in little, also a grotesque, a comedy of human intentions striving not to be mysteriously fulfilled.

HENRY RAGO.

Horned Pigeon. George Millar. Doubleday. $2.75.

THIS is a terrific book—terrific and terrible. It is terrible for reasons that will be saved for the end. It is terrific because George Millar, a young Englishman, is one of the most exciting writers that has come over the pike in many a moon. "Horned Pigeon" is worth anybody's money and anybody's time.

In 1941 Millar was a second lieutenant in the famous Eighth Army. He was captured in one of the early

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German advances and held prisoner by the Italians until the Italian armistice, whereupon he was taken to a German concentration camp. After a number of unsuccessful tries he eventually managed to escape and made his way into France, into Spain and finally to Gibraltar and back to London.

That is the bare bones of "Horned Pigeon." On these bones Millar has hung a book that would be hard to beat in the field of either fiction or non-fiction for excitement, suspense, character and just plain ordinary good writing.

The last book this reviewer read was Upton Sinclair's "A World To Win," a tasteless ear of corn that is already climbing up the best-seller list. To read Millar after Sinclair is like changing over from gaseous soda pop to a particularly decent brand of champagne. Unlike Sinclair the man is an artist. He has style. He has imagination. (In fact, sometimes you think he has so much imagination that he has used some of it to improve on reality. But then it reads so well that you don't really care.) Millar also has a very keen eye. A keen eye for things and a keen eye for people. He is sensitive to the best and to the worst. He is perceptive. In short, he is a born writer.

"Horned Pigeon" is a terrible book mainly because of the title, and because of the ending that gives the title its meaning. In a magnificently built-up climax Millar, having dreamed for years of returning to his home and his wife, finally does come home and finds that his wife has left him for another man. It is of course the old story, the same old story that has broken the hearts of so many soldiers before and after Millar. But in this case Millar has had his revenge. He has not hesitated to blazon his shame and his sorrow on the cover of his book so that that revenge might be as complete and as painful as possible.

Somehow as you finish the last page, the impact of a bitterness so deep and so hard appalls and depresses you. It is not the cruelty of Millar's wife, a routine cruelty, that crushes you, but the cruelty of Millar himself, which is such a brilliant, such an extraordinary cruelty.

Many times throughout the book Millar shows that he appreciates the beauty and nobility of the Christian message. He speaks of an Anglican monk whom he knew in prison, a saintly man whom he admired very much. He says: "I therefore followed the argument of this Anglican monk with eager interest. I followed it to the edge of the gulf which must be jumped if you are to believe in God. And I could not jump because I could see no reason for belief in the Christian God."

That is all. "No reason." In the Fifty-second Psalm there is a line, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." If George Millar, after all that has happened to him, can still see no reason for belief, then he is a fool. A brilliant fool, a writing fool—but a fool.

JOHN C. CORT.

Silent Is the Vistula. Irena Orska. Longmans. $3.00.

THIS STORY of the unsuccessful Polish uprising in Warsaw during the summer of 1944 is an emotional counterpart to the direct political statements General Bor has been making in this country for the past few weeks. Miss Orska illustrates with an abundance of painful, bloody details just what General Bor means when he says the Russians double-crossed the secret Polish Home Army after encouraging them to rise against the Germans when the Soviet army was on the east bank of the Vistula, apparently ready for the final push into Warsaw. For the Poles that nice bit of Soviet high policy meant the destruction of Warsaw, the massacre or dispersal of nearly all citizens who had exhibited political virility.

In addition to being an officer in the Polish Home Army, Miss Orska was a nurse, so her story of the abortive sixty-three-day fight against the Germans in Warsaw is more directly concerned with the dead and wounded than with the politics that made them that way. Miss Orska's book is not a literary event, and at times it is difficult for one who does not know Warsaw to follow her through a maze of unfamiliar streets. However, she gives a very clear notion of the individual heroism that sustained the ordinary members of the Home Army as the weeks of unequal fighting continued and the food and medical supplies gave out and everyone finally realized that Russian help would never come.

At this late date it is not easy to rouse anyone by listing additional examples of German brutality, yet Miss Orska's description of German behavior after the fall of Warsaw will shock even those who have settled opinions about the German military character. The Poles have lived for nearly seven years now beneath succeeding military protectorates, and the fight they have put up has received comparatively little news coverage. More books like Miss Orska's may some day make the cause of Polish freedom almost as attractive to our newspapers as the fight against oppression in India or Argentina.

JOHN BRODERICK.

The Mansions of Virginia. Thomas Tileston Waterman. North Carolina Press. $10.00.
Boston After Bulfinch. Walter H. Kilham. Harvard. $3.50.

THE OLD saying that architecture is the mirror of society is easy to disprove, as anyone knows who has tried to explain the creation of a beautiful building in an otherwise mean community. Perhaps it is nearer the truth to argue that great architecture is a sublime lie, a reaching for the poetic that far transcends the motives of either architect or client. Even if American architecture through the centuries reflects the taste of the *nouveaux riches* from Charleston to Hollywood—great houses always having been built to record prosperity—there is no reason to suppose that mere economic factors are sufficient to produce arresting monuments.

Forgetting that the canons of taste vary from year to year, and that what has once been liked is sure to be appreciated in some distant revolution of the arts, Thomas Tileston Waterman, the author of "The Mansions of Virginia," pleads that the Virginia houses were beautiful because they were "simple and reasonable." "Simple and reasonable" they were, and also beautiful, but Waterman forgets to point out that the creations of the romantic era were beautiful for opposite reasons—because they were intricate and unreasonable.

Walter H. Kilham, the author of "Boston After Bulfinch," is on surer ground when he reminds us that "it is a fact that each successive generation scorns the work of the generation immediately preceding, usually designating it as *terrible* or worse, and two or three generations must pass before it is restored to sufficient favor to have books published about it."

Unlike Kilham, who is less of a profound scholar than an entertaining chronicler, Waterman is a sober archi-

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tectural historian. Disdaining all attempts to enliven his book by references to eighteenth century society, Waterman concentrates on such details as bolection mouldings, trusting that the reader is already familiar with Philip Fithian's diary and all other gossip of the times. A book for specialists, "The Mansions of Virginia" is perhaps better reading for November than June.

Out of his wide scholarship Waterman contends that it is likely that Sir Christopher Wren designed the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, basing his reasoning on the supposition that Wren *may* have done the plans for Ashburnham House, a London residence of 1662 which shows certain points of resemblance with the Palace, completed in 1706. In this reviewer's opinion this argument is far-fetched. Assuming that Wren was a first-rate architect, it is incredible that in his old age he should have gone back to the work of his youth for inspiration. Creative artists usually are severe—maybe too severe—on the masterpieces by which they first gained the attention of the public.

Waterman is much more to the point when he attempts to prove on stylistic evidence that a certain Richard Taliaffero was the probable architect of Stratford, Carter's Grove, Westover, Rosewell, Sabine Hall, and Christ Church, and that a certain John Ariss was the likely designer of Mount Airy, Mount Vernon, and Menokin.

Since Waterman's volume deserves to be considered a definitive work on eighteenth century architecture, it is something of a tragedy that many of the illustrations are carelessly printed. Instead of being sharp and black, most of the exterior photographs are dull and gray. This can hardly be the fault of the photographers, for a number were taken by Frances Benjamin Johnson.

Though Kilham's book is informal when compared with "The Mansions of Virginia," it is not to be dismissed as a casual study. Covering such neglected architects as Alexander Parris, G. J. F. Bryant, and Arthur Gilman, it tells us much about Boston that we ought to have known a long time ago. It is surprising that we have had to wait until 1946 for an architectural history sufficiently comprehensive to reveal Gilman's part in laying out Commonwealth Avenue.

The text of "Boston After Bulfinch" is lively, the photographs are bright and sharp, and all in all it is an ideal book to remember when Christmas comes around.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

The Truth About Unions. Leo Huberman. Pamphlet Press. $1.00.

ON FEW subjects are more people deeply prejudiced than on the labor movement; they reveal a zealot's bias usually reserved for religion in older times. Few do the labor movement the courtesy to study it; but there are none who are without violent opinions about it. One of the reasons for this, I think, is that writers are rare who can tell labor's story with an interest that can compete with Dick Tracy or Forever Amber. Leo Huberman does not precisely achieve this. But he comes as close to it as can be done.

In this little book he lays down the simple but fundamental premise that single employees are helpless in dealing with employers. A labor union establishes equipoises of strength that can be achieved in no other way. Collective bargaining, alone, makes freedom for the worker possible. For, as Justice Holmes says, liberty is conditioned upon equality.

Mr. Huberman takes us into a local union with a Joe Worker who has just joined. The sense of identity that Joe newly feels, the growing knowledge that a member of a local union is a part of a national brotherhood, is part of an institution whose roots are deep in American soil, the consequent enlarging of Joe's spirit—all these feelings, all this knowledge Mr. Huberman makes our own.

He makes out a case for the closed shop, explains the meaning of maintenance of membership—and gives us an excellent, if too brief, exposition of labor history and structure. Quite honestly he attacks much that is evil in labor practice. For example, he opposes jurisdictional disputes. But he is careful to point out that fear of unemployment is at the heart of these quarrels as it is at the heart of featherbedding.

I think that Mr. Huberman oversimplifies the issues in the Ryan-Longshoremen situation. But what he says of the Ryan dictatorship, God knows, is true enough.

Mr. Huberman's own political sympathies are indicated by the fact that, in denying himself the pleasure of airing them, he completely omits any reference to the existence in the American labor movement of a certain Mr. John L. Lewis.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Thus Far and No Further. Rumer Godden. Little. $3.00.

RUMER GODDEN has written several delicate and distinguished novels. In "Thus Far and No Further"—the title is a translation of "Rungli-Rungliot," a real place on the spur of the Himalayas—she tells, in the first person, of her life during a few months in 1941 at Chinglam, the out-bungalow of Rungolo Tea Estate. She took her Swiss governess, aged twenty-six, her two little girls, Rafael, who was five, and Sabring, three, a Lepcha manservant, his wife and their three little girls, a male sweeper, and four Pekinese. At the bungalow fifteen more servants are added. Across the valley, they can see the house of W., the manager of the tea-plantation and of his wife M., who are endlessly good to Miss Godden and her party. Can I live here alone, Miss Godden anxiously asks herself on page 14, with the mists and the rain and the silence? There will be no one but the children and the servants and the dogs—I shall be able to go only very rarely to Darjeeling. . . . I am melancholy and nervous. Can I bear it?

This book is proof she could. It is a collection of notes, in diary form, intended to distil the spirit or essential oil of Chinglam (the name of the out-bungalow). These notes are written with wide spaces in the printing —no doubt to enable the panting reader to take breath— with variegated lettering, well-larded by twenty-six illustrations by Tontyn Hopman. There are sweet drawings of Candytuft, the white peke, of Tibetan herdsmen, of petunias, of the soulful little girls, whose ultra-bright sayings staccato almost every page, and of the grateful servants crowding the lighted Christmas tree. Everything is recorded, from the governess' ecstatic sigh, "I feel me to be in Switzerland," to Miss Godden's "weariness that seems to beat around the house in waves." This is a specimen of the conversations:

> I think of something I said to a friend when I told him I was coming to Chinglam.
>
> "But what in the world will you do there?"
>
> "Live there."

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"But what will do you?"
"Live."

Every third or fourth paragraph is subtitled, thus: *"Rafael can read to herself," "The dogs have decided* that they like the house," *"September 8th.* A house is like a body: the husband is like the head . . . the woman should be the heart. Now I have to be the head and the heart. . . . I would far rather . . . be the hands. . . . I want to touch—to feel—to do—to do so much . . . to be tied makes me terribly impatient, uneven."

It is impossible to want to know as much about anyone's inside as Miss Godden tells us about hers. Please, Father Christmas, Sabrina wants a new dolly. Pink. W. tells Rumer: You are the Princess of Chinglam. She feels herself burgeoning, her love for the people she loves is growing, heightening. *"They tell me* there is a blind beggar at the door. Automatically I say 'tell him to go away.'" They go to tell him. "I believe in the individual who recognizes brotherhood . . . *happiness when you are miserable* . . . to come into my bedroom and see . . . a little quiet white-dressed ayah with a sweet quiet face waiting to rub my feet."

There are lovely descriptions of making a garden, of local birds, of divali, the feast of lights, of the growing and harvesting of tea, of the Himalayas, and of their people, the lusty goatherds, the Nepalese women gathering in brilliant colors for the Durga puja. But Miss Godden's own self-conscious perfume pervades all so strongly that the reader has no chance even to sniff a whiff of the flowers or even of the coolies, whose smell "of sweat and biris" Miss Godden at first hated "then found familiar, then—almost—even though it was so strong—found friendly." She should stick to novels. This snippet of autobiography reeks.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Trinity and the Unicity of the Intellect. Saint Thomas. Translated by Sister Rose Emmanuella Brennan, S.H.N. Herder. $3.00.

IF YOU walked into our university library and perused the Vives edition of the *Opera Omnia* of Saint Thomas Aquinas, you would find some 80 or 90 works collected in 34 large tomes. Of these the bulk remain untranslated and most will probably remain so. It is expected that the interested specialist will have recourse to the original Latin, but there are still a number of very important treatises which cry out for translation. For example, more and more non-scholastics are becoming seriously interested in Saint Thomas and usually their interest begins with a good translation. Sister Rose Emmanuella has done an excellent service, therefore, in making available two very significant treatises of Saint Thomas in a readable and generally accurate English version. (Space does not permit a few critical comments which might be made). The "Commentary on Boethius' De Trinitate" is the larger and perhaps the more important of the two works, but a word on the "Unicity of the Intellect Against the Averroists of Paris": Saint Thomas was concerned with meeting the challenge of Latin Averroism and Arabian necessitarianism—it has been well said that he smashed the danger of Arabian thought as the crusaders smashed the danger of Moslem arms—and in this work he musters all his arguments in treating one of the central problems of philosophic psychology—whether the intellect is one for all men or whether each man has his own intellect and

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sesses unity of development and concept, properly speaking it is a collection of tales from history rather than a comprehensive textbook. Despite the fact that the stories are told in popular form with no foot-notes or documentation except for a bibliography at the end, the work represents considerable scholarly research and what errors this reviewer was able to detect were very minor indeed.

The superior fascination that a dramatic tale from history has over fiction quite obviously is due to one's constant realization that every bit of it is true. To qualify as history, then, a narrative must first be truthful. Arciniegas's book qualifies. But such a test immediately raises jesting Pilate's famous query, for, as we all know, by means of vital omissions one can convey a false picture without having to utter a single falsehood, and vital omissions commonly have their origin in prejudice.

Any history which undertakes to deal with the period during which England and Spain were contending with one another for world domination is not likely to achieve universal acceptance for the simple reason that the prejudices and loyalties which were there involved have not yet cooled off. However, the racial and religious rivalries that underlay that conflict are no longer as clear-cut as they were in the days of Philip II and Elizabeth, for today many Anglo-Saxon Catholics are wont to some extent to defend the cause of Spain and to refute the Black Legend which taught that native populations were treated cruelly only by Spaniards, and in Latin-American countries Masonic and anti-clerical liberals are often inclined to take Britain's side and accept the Black Legend as typical of the violent and tyrannical practices to which the Spanish monarchy was addicted.

Germán Arciniegas's handling of this issue strikes me as essentially unbiased both from a racial and national as well as a religious standpoint. Evidence for the Black Legend is not lacking in this book, but there is also evidence that the Spaniards were not the sole transgressors. It is all very well to insist that history should merely give one the facts and leave the reader to arrive at his own conclusions. A moment's thought will reveal that in the very process of selecting facts to report, the historian must of necessity apply values. Arciniegas's values, though not religious, are moral, founded as they are on a strong faith in the democratic principles of liberty, equality and fraternity which in turn stem from the natural law. He exhibits justice and sympathy in judging human beings, whatever race they may belong to and whatever age they may have lived in.

However, it is the contrasts and similarities between the freshly painted Caribbean foreground and the rich backdrop of European pageantry and tradition which most fascinate the author. This pattern affords him numerous opportunities vividly to portray the heroic virtues of fearlessness, ingenuity and vehemence which when at the service of a lust for conquest and for power, so often take on the form of predatory cunning and ruthless violence. Like beauty, these are qualities which often can retain their grandeur even when subserving diabolical ends. It is well to recognize that most attempts to correlate art and morals lead to a confusion from which may issue bad art and bad morals. In the hierarchy of values, morals are supreme, but in the lower echelons, it is perhaps best to give the Devil, who is a great artist, his due and recognize his power and charm, else someday we may of a sudden mistake the Devil for God.

In brief, Arciniegas has written a most informative and

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entertaining book and, whereas its primary aim is merely to present a fast-moving panorama, nevertheless, as in any good history, the student of political and social morals will find in it much to ponder.

JAMES MACGREGOR BYRNE.

New Directions 9. Edited by James Laughlin. New Directions. $3.75.

THIS ANTHOLOGY of new writing is designed to exhibit the work of experimentalists, foreign and native, in whose departures from convention the editor finds significance for the future of literature. Mr. James T. Farrell has contributed to it a long and very interesting tract in which he arraigns the commercial publishers of the United States for the callousness with which they pervert and frustrate talent in the name of lower costs, monopoly and higher profits. Although overburdened with quotations from Marxist scripture, Mr. Farrell's essay is quite the best thing in the book. Not only is the determination of the *avant-garde* writers to be different wearying, when viewed in the mass, but the poets and prose writers represented constitute a kind of whispering gallery. "New Directions 9" is full of echoes and overtones; of Eliot, of Dos Passos, of Frenchmen and Russians whose cults are reminiscent of the master-worship of the 1890's. Worse than this, there are echoes of echoes; imitators who have in turn their own imitators, priests of a cult who are themselves in process of deification. This laudable attempt to break the strangle-hold of commercial publishing could well afford to broaden its own sympathies and sell off a few of its clay-footed deities, cheap.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

The Incarnation of the Word of God. Saint Athanasius. Macmillan. $1.50.

IN AN AGE of digests and interpretations, an interesting and accurate translation of the great books is most welcome and encouraging—whether it be in the spiritual and doctrinal or in the philosophic and humanistic spheres. Catholics as well as Anglicans welcome this translation of "The Incarnation of the Word of God." C. S. Lewis's Introduction is a welcome adjunct to this little work of Saint Anthanasius.

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hence an immortal soul. A reading of A. C. Pegis's "Saint Thomas and the Greeks" would reveal, I think, why this treatise of Saint Thomas is so important.

DONALD A. GALLAGHER.

The Great White Hills of New Hampshire. Ernest Poole. Doubleday. $3.00.

WHEN MY grandfather built a house in New Hampshire, some 60 years ago, his neighbors were much surprised that he built it by the lake, and not on the main road where he could "set, and watch the teams go by." It is that kind of neighborliness, or the American love of being out where things are going on, that is the basis of Ernest Poole's book. New Hampshire is no decline and fall for him. He once asked a native whether he thought Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" was true of the people up his way.

"It's true of about two percent, but the other ninety-eight are just plain normal folks," he replied.

We have a national fondness for calling back the old frontiers. We like to dwell on the days when East was East and West was West. "The Great White Hills of New Hampshire" is full of reminiscences of the rip-roaring lumbermen who tore the forests apart in the late nineteenth century and of the great farming days before the Civil War, with maple sugaring and house raising, pine kitchens and master builders, country fairs and rug making. But Ernest Poole does not linger on the nostalgia note. He has too much to tell. He keeps on with four hundred pages more of anecdotes about politics, sin, schools, doctoring, village stores, skiing, crime and wild-life. His rush of stories has the effect of telescoping the book so that you forget sometimes whether New Hampshire is living in 1850 or 1946. Perhaps it is living in both.

Though his enthusiasm is infectious, and I believe all of his stories, I suspect Ernest Poole of being a great romantic at times. Concord, as I remember it, has a very large insane asylum. A good proportion of America's rocks are still in New Hampshire.

"The Great White Hills of New Hampshire" has none of the spareness and tragedy of Ethan Frome. Its author has enjoyed himself too much. But, unless you prefer the great white bridges of New York, you will like his stories and want to rush up and buy a farm. Don't do it. You'll lose your shirt.

JOHN HAY.

Caribbean: Sea of the New World. Germán Arciniegas. Knopf. $3.75.

GERMÁN ARCINIEGAS is a distinguished Colombian writer and historian who, in addition to having edited a number of periodicals and taught at many universities including several in this country, has also served his country as diplomat, Congressman and Minister of Education. There can be little doubt that in "Caribbean: Sea of the New World," the third and latest of his books to be translated into English (and very ably, too, by Harriet de Onís), he has achieved a sure success. For lusty adventure and glamorous intrigue, it would be hard to match the wondrous tales it contains concerning such ardent figures as Columbus, Vespucci, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Cortés, De Soto, Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, Morgan, Wm. Patterson, Toussaint, Christophe, Jean Lafitte, Wm. Walker, de Lesseps, and countless others.

Although the story proceeds chronologically and pos-

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